THAT WHITE AND PURPLE COSTUME.

## READING FOR WOMEN.

LOFE OR ART, WHICH? MRS. WARD ON GOOD MANNERS.

The Fair Parisians. Has Blushing Gone Out?-What Shall I Give My Valentine?-Woman of Fashion.

PRISCILLA.

When sweet Priscilla came. In Quaker dove tints dressed, A kerchief white as driven snow Pinned o'er her virgin breast.

Her close silk bonnet sat About her pure, fresh face, And the milk-whiteners of her hands Showing thro' mits of lace—

When sweet Priscilla came, In Quaker garb arrayed, one could but think that she might be Some saint from heaven strayed.

And so, in very truth,
At the swift flitting of her glance,
Did every foolish youth.

Sweet Quaker maid, demure

As some wood violet, or as a wind anemone In ferny corner set!

And often would the smiles
Within her dimples lurk,
Fo see us on each other glare,
Fiercer than bearded Turk.

When sweet Priscilla went Through every manly heart. Her Quaker wiles, her Quaker smiles,

Had driven Cupid's dart. And while each fellow swore

His chance was far ahead, With some high-hooted cavaller, Priscilla, sweet, was wed. Such world's depray'ty

Neath kerchief white and prim.

For while she tried her arts on us.

She was engaged to him.

-M. Dawson Phelps in New York Sun.

## HER BLINDNESS.

The dining car was in a shimmer of ght. The dead white of heavy linen, the opalescent glint of glassware, and the quiet gleam of silver trembled together in the swift motion of the train. the swift motion of the train. Miss Eax-ter, who had but recently left her berth, dropped into a seat and leaned back a moment, dazed by this lavish waste of color. Meanwhile the insistent sunlight took liberties with the dull brown of her took liberties with the dull brown of her severely brushed hair, ran burning fingers through it and edged it with coquettish gold. Then she hastened to draw the cur-tain and throw the blue square of shade over her corner of the table, sighing as she settled down again, and all the pain-ful scene of the evening before came

She felt half a notion to lay her head on the table and cry outright. She glanced down instead and fingered her ring-his ring-while her glasses grew misty. She wondered whether she should have kept the ring, now that it no longer meant anything. The question was still undecided when she pulled herself to-gether with a visible trempr and turned to the menu card. Dining car breakfasts are not tiped to wait on the settlement of subtlettes in ethics, particularly after

of subileties in ethics, particularly after the steward has made the "last call." In the few minutes Miss Baxter had been in the car she had not noticed her companions. As she raised her head she was startled to see a familiar face dimly taking shape across the table. She had removed her glasses and was about to press her handkerchief to her eyes, but she put them resolutely on again and looked fixedly through their misty crys-

Mr. Woodson, where did you come from?" she demanded at length, as his well-known features gradually took defi-alle shape before her.

Woodson did not speak at once. He was noticing how her hair would tumble down in wayward ringlets in spite of her

down in wayward ringlets in spite of her efforts to keep it steadily back, and how her cheeks persisted in dimpling, however resolutely she closed her lips together. Then he said:

"From New York, of course. Does my dress suit look as though I'd boarded the train in these rural precincts? I thought you knew the cut better."

"Do you mean to say that you've been on this train all this while-after-after last night?" Miss Baxter asked with

has this train all this white has hight?" Miss Baxter asked with slightly heightened color.
"Guessed it the first time," Woodson exclaimed, brightening. "I tell you, Grace, you should have gone into the law instead You'd have been great on cross-

to forget that I prefer to make my own career—we've discussed that before, how-ever. And so you've been on this train ver since I have?" she cencluded, reflect

"A little longer, in fact. I made a mistake and got here half an hour early-read the time table backward—hence these clothes. But now, see here, small girl," Woodson went on with great de-liberateness, shaking out his napkin into his ian and gasing intently into the blur-

red, blue depths of Miss Baxter's glasses "See here, now do you suppose just be cause a girl jilts me"—Miss Baxter here interposed a deprecating gesture—"yes, I repeat it. Do you suppose just because a girl jilts me, and I have reason to believe is going to the ends of the earth to get where she will never see me again, that my sense of responsibility ends till I've seen her safely where she wants to go? No, I've made New York unfahabitable for you, and I shall make what amends I can by chaperoning you to Colerado or Kamchatka, or wherever it is you are going. Now, what shall I order for breakfast?"

"Harry, you are cruel. You know Mr Fleming was going out there for the color, and I thought it would be a good chance to continue my outdoor work."
"Fleming! That prig! Well, I didn't "Firming! That pris: Well, I see those before that he was going. I see there is still more reason why I should go now-and stay."
"But I forbid you doing any such foolish

To tell the truth, Grace, I thought of

staying all the time-of going into some other business there." other business there."
"Why, you never told me of it before."
"Well, I never thought of it till after I
left you last night. Then it occurred to
me I might go into the sheep or cattle or

"At Manitou?"
"Why not?"

"It's a summer resort."

"It's a summer resort."
"So much the better. I'd only be there
in the summer, anyhow."
"Harry, you're a trifler."
"Well, I can peel an orange, anyhow—if
you'll allow me," Woodson exclaimed,
taking from her hand the one she was

making a sad mess of.
"Harry, I can never forgive you for doing this," Miss Baxter concluded, after moment's contemplation of the whirl ing blur of green through the car win-

"Well, I never could have forgiven my self if I hadn't-and there it was," he as serted dispassionately, laying the pulpy, broken sphere of the orange before her. It is quite a jaunt from Manhattan to Manitou, but one morning they exchanged Manibu, but one morning they exchanged the cushioned weariness of the train for that blue hellow of the hills, with its gayly colored roofs and gables showing here and there up the canyon, like a scattered troop of butterflies. Then life became one long breath of Gelight. What color there was! The earth seemed hung color there was! The earth seemed hung in some rarer medium than common air. The yellow cactus blossoms were like flakes of flame. A scarlet flower fairly burned into the right. Grace developed a new enthusiasm every day and plied her palette with cobalt and chrome. Even Fleming, who had preceded them, smoked a trifle faster than usual, and grunted out now and then: "Put in your color pure. Make her jump."

So they painted from morning till night,

so they painted from morning thi might, keeping two or three studies under way at once-putting in blues where Woodson saw greens, and purples where he saw nothing but nondescript sand, and doing all the inexplicable things that should be done according to the gospel of the lu-

podson sat by and chaffed. He couldn't paint. He wouldn't smoke. He parried Grace's occasional inquiring glances by explaining that he was negotiating to go into the cattle business-a man was going to bring him a herd on

Meanwhile he arrayed his shapely figure in cowboyish top boots, blue shirt and slouch hat, which became him immensely, and made a sinister impresion among the blazers and tennis suits of summering Manitou. Grace was absorbed and satis fied. One day an idea struck him. "Grace," said he, "I found a little bit down here the other day that I'd like to have you sketch-to send home, you know. You'll do it, won't you?"
"Why, of course. I'll speak to Mr.

Fleming."
"Oh, hang Mr. Fleming, Woodson broke in. "Fleming's all right in his way, broke in. broke in. "Fleming's all right in his way." but I want you-your sketch, you know."
The place was quite a distance away, over the mesa. They set out for it the next day.
"Here it is," Woodson exclaimed, after

quite a tramp, pointing over the burning plain to where a row of cottonwoods were banked against the sky, tremulous in the vibrant air. "There, do that; call it 'A Hundred in the Shade,' or something like

"It doesn't seem to compose very well," Grace murmured, holding the tips of her fingers together and inclosing the picture a rosy frame through which she gazed. half shutting her eyes in truly artistic

"Well, never mind that; get the character of it. You know Fleming says the character's the thing. That's what I want—the character—the true character

of this beastly country."

So Grace donned her big blue apron and set to work with her biggest brushes. But somehow she had trouble. The quality of that sky, burning with light and yet deep in hue, did not seem to reside in cobalt, however fresh from the tube. The value of the stretch of plain, tremulous under the flaring heavens, disturbed her too, and when she came to put in the too, and when she came to put in the airy wall of cottonwoods along the hori-zon the whole thing ended in a painty

"Oh, I can't do anything to-day!" Grace exclaimed petulantly, wiping her trou-bled brow with the back of her hand and leaving a streak of blue along her fore-head that intensified her puzzled look. "Why don't you put those trees in green?" Woodson asked with serious con-

## IN WOMAN'S WORLD.

"She is the Sweet Marjoram of the Salad, or, rather, the Herb of Grace." -SHAKESPEARE.

cern as Grace renewed her struggle with the regulation blues and purples.

"But I don't see them so," she murmured in a moment of absorbed effort.

"Grace," he blurted out almost before he knew it, "I don't believe you see anything. Excuse me, but I don't believe you ever did. I don't believe in your art; I don't believe in your arteries in your independence! You're simply spoiling the nicest girl in the world with it. You see things blue and purple because he does; and he-well, he sees things that way because some fellows over in Paris do, and I don't believe in it. There, now, I've said it; come."

But it was not arranged that he should finish what he had to say. He had looked

finish what he had to say. He had looked down to the ground where he sat as he spoke of Fieming. When he looked up Grace was several feet away from him, hurrying down the hill, with her head

"I'm a brute—a miserable brute!"

"I'm a brute—a miserable brute!"
Woodson remarked to himself with considerable force as he watched her striding toward the half-dry creek. "But some one ought to have told her. Her art is all foolishness. Look at Fleming. even. He's forty, and I'd like to know where he'd be if it wasn't for his teaching. But I'm a brute, just the same—a heartless brute!"

There was a plum thicket along the creek, and after watching Grace disappear within it Woodson set about picking up her sketching kit. This done, it occurred to him that it would be a proper penance on his part to wash her brushes—he had always hated dirty brushes so. Gathering them up he started toward the creek. When he got there he could see no sign of Grace. Could it be that anything had happened to her? The thought made him catch his breath for a moment. He knew she was impulsive—capable of eny rask maye in a monment, of expression. ment. He knew she was impulsive-capa-ble of any rash move in a moment of ex-citement. Then he heard a stirring in the plum thicket and came face to face upon her in a little opening, crying softly to

herself.

"Grace," he called, "why, what's the matter? I know I'm a brute, but I didn't think you'd take it so."

"Oh can't you help me?" she pleaded and began groping about and feeling almlessly with her hands.

He saw that her hair was loosened and that her wrists and face were scratched

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He saw that her hair was loosened and that her wrists and face were scratched and bleeding in a dozen places.

"Why, what is the matter?" he queried again as she came groping toward him and stumbled against him.

"Can't you help me at all?"

"Of course I can, small girl; your're all right. Nothing shall touch you," he reiterated as his arms closed around her.

"Oh, silly, can't you see I've lost my glasses?" she exclaimed, pulling away from him and flushing red among the greenery. But he held her tight.

"You don't want them; you see better without them, blue eyes. Confess, now, you really never saw before. Give up trusting in those wretched glasses and trying to be independent. Come, see your career through my eyes."

But still she held back at arm's length, really defiant. His fingers left a white

really defiant. His fingers left a white circle where they clasped her wris's. She seemed ready to cry and then smiled in-

"You'll get my glasses if I promise?" He nodded. Suddenly throwing her arms about his

"I always liked your eyes," and pressed neck, she said: a kiss on either lid. "Maybe you were right about my art." she added seriously. "But that needn't interfere, need it?" "Interfere. Why, I'll tell that man that I've decided not to take his cattle and we'll turn the whole herd into paint."

Then he reached over and carefully disengaged her glasses from the twig where he had seen them hanging as he entered the thicket.—G. Melville Upton in Kate Field's Washington.

A Society Girl. She's in the best society,
Her life it is one whirl,
Balls, luncheons, teas at 5 o'clock. Oh, what a silly girl.

So tired is she when ends the week, Result: At church on Sunday morn,

Pew one, a vacant seat.

Good Manners. Mrs. H. O. Ward very sensibly begins her "Social Ethics and Social Duties" by some introductory remarks, in which she says that she claims nothing in the book as original. We may say that the old material has been worked over into new and very agreeable forms, and deserves commendation. Of course we all know that the finest, truest good manners spring from kindness of heart, from loving charity and tender sympathy. Gossip is illbred; so of course is selfishness. Polished manners may be veneered on to a bad nature, but the cheat is easily discovered. Our manners betray the form and substance of our thoughts, the condition of our inner being, not the garment of politeness we put on to wear abroad, but the every day apparel worn in the home cir-cle. If we are gentle and considerate to those sitting at our own fireside, then we are well-bred to the core of the heart, al-though we be ignorant of what the worldthough we be ignorant of what the world-ly pharase "good form" means. The im-portance of training children in the ethics of social intercourse cannot be overesti-mated. They should, above all things, be taught self-forgetfulness, the self-forget-fulness leading up to that great command of Christ's, "Love thy neighbor as thy-The subject is a broad one and broadly

treated by Mrs. Wood.

A Modern Valentine.

I've written it, love, with a stiff steel pen; For the geese, I understand, And so learned, now, that their quills, I Must supply their own demand.

I've secured it, love, by the aid of glue, Instead of a strand of hair, Which I cannot obtain, for I see, with I have rally none to spare.

I send it to you by the postman, love; For Cupid, I grieve to hear, Is afraid of the cold, and has grown so

That he doesn't go out this year. But the message is ever the same, my love, While the stars their course fulfill. Though to me and to you it may seem

quite new,
'Tis the old, old story still. -Caroline W. Latimer, in Harper's.

Like Other Girls. She sat apart, neglected, when I came, With downcast, lang'rous eyes. A blossom rare She held against her lips. O, charming snare rosebuds twain! With rapture all

aflame, I thought of "Silence" for her fitting And longed to lean upon her lonely To rain warm kisses on the lustrous hair.
who neglected her-I cried them

But when I'd been presented-then I had misjudged, misnamed the silent maid, For she'd a gift o' gab that was di-

shame!

vine! I could not get a word, essay a sound! The sequel: One more night's devoti n great high-priestess of the Grandy

THE WOMAN OF FASHION. Very Sensible to Remarkably Foolish

While society holds its breath and waits in anxious suspense the first drawingroom of the London season, to be given by room of the London season, to be given by
the Princess of Wales early next month,
and while Mrs. Stanford's Anti-Crinoline
League in London is working hard to
secure a few more thousand women on
its lists, let us look about us and see
what lies just at hand. We have still
a month before we shall know positively
whether crinoline is to be on the other
side of the water, for nothing can be
known until that first drawing-room is known until that first drawing-room is over. All we know now is that the royal family has not co-operated with the league, and that, therefore, there is a strong possibility that the crinoline may show itself on that first great occasion. show itself on that first great occasion.

And if it does, woe unto us! for sooner
or later, in spite of all efforts against
it, it will reach us over here. For London
society is bound to follow in the footsteps of the princess of the realm, and
America is bound to follow the leadings
of foreign dames.

But in the fees of these testellying

of foreign dames.

But in the face of these tantalizing facts let us continue on our peaceful way for another month. Let us be quite oblivious to the fad that at the end of our short respite we may become metamorphosed, may assume an altogether different identity, may change from the independent fin-de-siecie girl to the drooping, blushing, weak, helpless bit of femininity, all skirts and draperies, of a few generations back. After all, there is no

ninity, all skirts and draperies, of a few generations back. After all, there is no time like the present, and there are plenty of other things to think about. Somebody is always devising something new.

Just now it is skirt trimmings. You may trim your skirt first with a row of feathers, shade to suit your fancy, and the dress, and, above, a series of half shells and—coquilles—in velvet or satin ribbon. Or you may start again with your feathers and have parrow bands Her eyes she lifted, starlike in the light That breathed of peace and hushed away your feathers and have narrow bands embroidered in the shades of your gown on white cloth, laid above. Or you may have a closely-twisted roll of ribbon at the edge, from which rise curving bands of ribbon, each headed with a bow. Or you may cross your ribbon bands all around the sairts, tipping the crosses with

Then there's a new fichu falling from Then there's a new fichu falling from the neck in front in the real old-fashion-ed lines, long and slender, below the waist line. A scant ruffle runs around the sleeve line in front, stopping at the shoulder. From shoulder bows fall long straight streamers of ribbon, in the front only

Then the very latest cape, looking just as dowdy and did-fashiomed as you please, has a Henry III. collar, and, falling below, a plain cape long in front, sloping up toward the hips, and short in back. It is of purple velvet. The collar is prettily embroidered with jet, and the dainty satin lining is of palest yellow. Now, there's a magnificent evening gown which deserves our careful attention. What a striking effect gives the violet velvet border on the heavy white satin, particularly when the velvet is edged by marten sable and the satin is heavily embroidered, far up the front, in

heavily embroidered, far up the front, in rich gold threads. The corsage is still more striking, for it reminds us of a great blossom, with the petals just opening. The flower is white beneath, and on it the petals of violet velvet lie, each sepa-rate, standing apart just a little, and turned over and in at the top on the white decollete bodice beneath, which is edged with gold gimp. Small violet epaulets are attached to the shoulders by velvet choux. Beautiful white satin puffed sleeves are edged with finest Marquise

flouncing of mousseline de sole.

Of course a triplé cape is worn with it, and, of course, the capes and high Medici collar are edged with sable. The debutante's color has come to be pink. Not the delicate, faint tint, that one might suppose she would fancy, but imagine that she has any of the languor of the old esthetic school; dear, no; she is an imated as possible, and her eyes

angels has reached ua." For it is angels that they adore. It is not Swinburne's or Rossettl's sinuous women, long and lithe, but instead it is the absolutely thin woman, whose bones seen to stand out as if in defiance of dimples and curves. What is it? Are the French people living so fast that they make the skeleton at their feast a woman? A witry woman, and a clever woman, but, nevertheless, a woman who seems to have had all health burnt out of her by the excitment of the century.

The beautiful snow, I ween I love, With a love deep and profound; I love to see it covering all The bare, unsightly ground.

draperies well-nigh beyond our control.

But there, we have once more allowed ourselves to drift into the forbidden sub-

ject. Let me divert you for a moment with a description of a pretty evening bodice that I saw but three nights ago

Of sun and shade. I lowly bent and

The sweet lips' rose, and longing, lingered there,
The while from brow ethereal and rare

all care. Then dropped a tear from downcast face

Haunt me, pure face! curse me! with ra-

diant eyes Seek out my darkness and deep despair

Of life's one moaning sin! in mute sur-

prise And tenderness taunt me! thy light kissed

Veiling thee from me while I beat the

And cry, "No more! no more! God! on mine own Shall never fall again the guiding light

Of that brow's pure, unsoiled pearly

It is my vision's voice falls tenderwise-

"That I may reach to help, O love, arise!"

Nobody seems to be anybedy nowadays unless she can talk about French plays and the individuality of French writers. The most curious thing is the present fashion in French women. I may mention that this craze has not as yet reached America, and that it does not meet with favor in London. The French women.

with favor in London. The French wo-man who is counted adorable, who gains the most admiring looks as she break-

fasts at one of the fast-lenable re-taurants, appears to be exquisitely Saxon more like a rejuvenated corpse than any thing else I can think of. In the fire

place, she is as thin as a lead pencil; her color is something between a saffron yel-

low and a sulphur green; her hair is a Titian red, and in a state of looseness that is possibly artistic, but suggests its

falling down every minute.

Her gowns are very smart, but she is much given to wearing long, loose wraps that she discards as if she were throwing

off the outer shell, and permitting the world to look at her soul. You must not imagine that she has any of the languor

I love to see it fluttering down And dancing through the air, So white, so beautiful and so pure; There's not a sight more fair.

bodice that I saw but three nights ego on a brilliant golden-haired beauty. Its delicate green tint looked well upon the clear skin. 'Twas a simple bodice, gathered loosely and caught in with a faille beit that ran up in a high point in front, fastened at the waist. All around the neck was a ruffle of green gauze, and at the head and at the edge of the ruffle were small yields, honeing closely and And where is a sight one-half so grand As the great trees meekly bowed, And their bare, dead limbs all covered o'er With the snow's white clinging shroud?

were small violets, hanging closely and carejessly at will. At the shoulders were small bunches of violets, and the sleeves were double gauze ruffles. But I do not love the beautiful snow, Instead I am filled with dread, That is an Empire bodice, and here is another Empire coiffure. Gather your hair, of course at the crown of your When it comes in tons from a lofty roof And takes me on the head. Boston Courier.

Fancy Garters.

head and arrange it in small buffs or curls, and fasten it with a gold comb. Before gathering it, however, you must have parted it in front, and taken a small portion of it right at the part, and curled it in a little cluster to drop over your forehead, just in the centre. Then a considerable portion must have been Very few women nowadays wear the regulation old-fashioned garter, though many cling to the "elastic" band in yellow worn below the left knee. This is the emblematic luck bracelet, and is worn simply because it is regarded as a massot, and not because of its especial efficacy in keeping up the stocking. To a considerable portion must have been taken at each side, and curied into small corkscrews, which hang straight down each side of your face. It gives a very quaint effect and, once in a hundred girls, efficacy in keeping up the stocking. To make one feel perfectly taut and trim the silk elastic harness that anchors at one end to the corset and at the other to the stocking is the most reliable siyle known. Besides in this there is nothing unhealthy, which is more than can be said of the band either above or (Written for The Times by "Gilfil.") I dreamed a dream that night; as in a The face that I had lost shone out from

elow the knee, below the knee.

Women who possess handsome garter
buckles will, of course, wear them, even
though they know the shape of the limb
is sure to be distorted by the tightening is sure to be distorted by the fightening process brought to bear upon it—that is, if they wear them above the knee, and no one but a real old fogy would wear them below it, though the single yellow-one might be tolerated just for good luck. The side straps can be made just as dainty and can utilize six buckles inand white,
And whispered, "Love, I come to warn;
good night." stead of two, which ought to be a certain recommendation to the extravagant maiden of the day.

St. Valentine's Day.

My work is really pleasant, For the heart of prince or peasant can gladden or can sadden by these messages of mine—

Men and womer, lads and lasses,
Folks of all degrees and classes,
O, they one and all are waiting to receive
a valentine.

There's the tradesman and the teacher, Doctor, lawyer, poet, preacher,
And the fair typewriter girl and she who
"helloes" down the line,
And there's really not a being
But can have the fun of seeing
How he seems to other people as he views
his valentine.

his valentine.

But 'tis oftener my duty To prepare a painful missive the receiver would decline If he knew that it was loaded, But until it is exploded

Now and then I send a beauty,

Why he never once suspects he has a comic (?) valentine. And the postman, how he hates me! And he earnestly berates me As my stock of sentimental stuff weighs

down his tired spine; Words to prove he's not in favor of the

But the rare and radiant muiden, She whose note with love is laden, O, she thinks I'm too awful nice and kneels before my shrine; But, alas! for scores of others— Sisters plain, and plainer brothers

Ah! they don't speak quite so kindly of



sparkle as if they were coals of fire. She is the idol of the impressionist school; she is counted thoroughly fin de siecle, and is adored by the morbid novelist of the day. The British matron despises her—she looks at her, shrugs her shouders, and then mutters in an undertone that she thinks "a dose of medicine had better be administered to that young woman," but in a few hours she is surprised to find that her own Englishmen are forsaking the clear complexions and dimpled curves that belong to the tight little isle, and going mad over the idol of Paris. Some time ago at the Russian bath, I heard a very, very, thin girl, one who weighed ninety pounds, and who was rather above the average height, say she was coming there every day until she lost ten pounds, and I thought to myself: "The crase of Paris is unon us! The worship of the a glowing, vivid shade, one to match the deepest blushes that might mantle her cheek at the first avowal of love. Perhaps she thinks the color will help to disguise the blushes, but I'm afraid it will only serve to bring them out. There's an all-pink dress just finished for a debutante made of rather thin silk of princesse cut. At the feet are two small pink ruffles, and, above, drapings and knots of mousseline de soie; then the drapery starts at the right side and runs up across the front, stopping at the waist, on the left hip in another knot.

The corsage has an overdrape of the on the left hip in another knot.

The corsage has an overdrape of the mousseline modesty meeting in front, and over the head a beautiful white drapery, rather fanciful, hides the shoulders and top of the corsage.

Alack and alas! that we must again bow beneath the burdens of multitudinous

By a Society Girl. It is a matter of regret that blushing has gone out. No real swell girl allows her-self to blush nowadays. Instead, she cul-

seif to blush nowadays. Instead, she cultivates a stately repose, a perfect command of her marble features, and so subdues all emotions tending to produce a blush that she is about the best sample of a blase, animated iceberg extant.

She lives to create the impression that she has been everywhere, seen everything and is totally unable to be surprised or startled. Emotions are vulgar, and as for blushing—it is common. Yet it is safe to warrant that of the very men who uphold the fin-de-siecie maiden in this wellbred position, each has recollections, faint, perhaps, and obliterated by a rapid life, of some young girl who blushed divinely as she looked up at him. Through his cigar smoke he can still see how the rich

color flamed into her cheeks and pulsated color named into her cheeks and pusates in her lips in a tempting, maddening way. If it was very long ago, he, perhaps, can-not recall her face—men do not remember such trivial things as a girl's face unless

not recall her face-men do not remember such trivial things as a girl's face unless they were extraordinarily smitten-or tell where or when it was he knew her, but he remembers that blush and startled look in her eyes.

She was not a society girl, he remembers that, too. Then he sighs and strolls off to some brilliant assemblage of beautiful girls, who, if they could only know his mood and call up a sudden, unexpected, bons fide blush into their delicate cheeks, would have an enraptured man at their feet too quickly to mention. It would be kind of hard on the man, though, if they all took to blushing at the same time, for in such an epidemic of blushing he would be more at sea than ever, and would certainly long for the former prevalent placidity. The girls might draw lots as to who should blush and who shouldn't; that would simplify matters and still maintain the requisite equilibrium. However, it does not suit some girls to blush at all, for they get flushed all over their faces in a sort of helpless way that is awful for the man. He never knows what he is expected to do when a girl acts that way, and it is always bad to make a man conscious of the fact that he is ratled, for it gets him angry, and an angry man is so difficult to manage. It would be well to think the matter over caimly and thoroughly before adapting the blush, for it is disheartening to adapt a fashion and find out afterward that it doesn't suit one's style at all.—Elsine Genet, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

HEARD ON THE STREET. Fin de Siecle Girl Says Some, thing.

They were nattily attired, all three, and had that indescribable air penatning to well groomed society girls, and as they sat in the Wabash-avenue car going south the dainty blonde, who sat in the middle, was holding forth with much energy to her interested listeners. As I sunk down in the seat just opposite I caught the burden of her remarks:

burden of her remarks:

"Yes, it made me so mad I could almost have eaten her up. I think there should be an asylum provided for staid maiden aunts, where they could end their days serenely, undisturbed by their giddy nays screenly, undisturbed by their glady nieces. You know mamma never was a bit cranky until Aunt Lou came to live with us, and now she almost makes my life a burden. I am really alarmed when I contemplate what the outcome may be if she continues, for mamma is really becoming prudish.

"You know I had been thinking for a month before the recention how summing."

"You know I had been thinking for a month before the reception how stunning I would look in my new dress and what a swell I would cut. It is white bengaline, cut square, and trimmed with white feather trimming and gold passementerie. It was made at Mme. —'s, and I could hardly wait for it to be brought home; it just set my head in a whirl to think of it. When it was brought home, of course, it was duly laid out for inspection, and Aunt Lou adjusted her glasses, stepped back a step or two, as though she feared contamination, and fairly paralyzed us with the tone in which she observed: 'Too low in the neck; too low in lyzed us with the tone in which she observed: Too low in the neck! Too low in the neck! Too low in the neck! It would have been much more appropriate for a girl of your age to have had a high-necked bodice. Well, I felt like giving her a sharp retort, but instead I gathered up the offending garment and went up-stairs to deck myself out. I had hopes of at least overwhelming her if I could not overcome her prejudice. "So I swept into the drawing-room with my grandest air, and, girls. I don't care if I do say it myself, I looked charming! You know the front is tight-fitting, and there is a large, graceful Watteau plait there is a large, graceful Watteau plait in the back that ends in a long sweeping train. I wish you could have seen the look she gave me. No, I don't, either, for it almost took the curl out of me, and I am somewhat accustomed to her. But this look was nothing to the talk she treated me to. A great deal of it was startling information. She informed me that no young lady with a proper sense of propriety would appear at a public re-ception in a bodies like that. Now, I will admit that it was rather low, but you know I can stand that sort of thing. But most startling of all, she informed me with her most severe demeanor that no young man would choose for a wife a reature who wore such a gown. I winked my other eye when she said that, and felt like asking here if she were addicted to the practice in her youth, but mamma will not permit me to say anything back to her. That is where she has the advantage of me. She said I don't know much other stuff of that kind, for I got

of the room, delivering a long harangue on the subject. "Now I might be able to stand this sort of thing and ascribe it to weak or ever-sensitive nerves if it were not for the pictures in the old album which grandma pictures in the old album which grandma used to have and which lies up in the storeroom covered with dust. It is full of old pictures, back numbers, you know, and I wish for your edification you could see the dresses in them. Great wide skirts and their bodices cut low, not only for evening wear but for street and church. That is what makes me tired when they begin their tirades against low dresses. I did not forget to bring that old album down-stairs the next day and show Aunt Lou her picture with her hair plastered down over her ears, and wearing a striped Lou her picture with her hair placered down over her ears, and wearing a striped dress trimmed with black velvet and cut so low that it would almost raiss the hair on the head of a stone statue. Now, I do not mind a little thing like that, but I think with such documentary evibut I think with such documentary evi-dence as that confronting them the past generation had better go slow in condemn-ing the decollete dress. Aunt Lou snifed and made some remarks about the 'god-less generation that was now springing up' and went up-stairs, carrying the al-bum with her."

mad and left her standing in the middle

Some Valentine Gifts.

Books and pictures are favorite selections, and may be purchased at any and all prices, writes Frances E. Lanigan in an article on "The Valentines of To-day" in the February Ladies' Home Journal. Of course, volumes of poems and love stories lend themselves more readily as appropriate to the season than essays or histories, but any favorite cannot fall to please. Photographs, etchings, engravings and water colors are framed daintily in white and gold or white and silver, and make charming offerings at the shrine of St. Valentine. Frames of silver for card photographs are heart shaped and come singly or in pairs. Many are engraved with mottoes. Owen Meredith's: "Do not think that years leave us and find us the same," is for a double frame, and a line from the old Scotch ballad: "Fine pictures suit in frames as fine," surround the picture of the maiden who sends this gift to her "Valentine." Jewelry will always be in vogue for valentine presents. Rings, pendants and pins are the most usual of selection; jeweiers also show an endless variety of purses, cardicases, bonbonnieres and vinaigrettes in many shapes; a novelty in these is made from two large silver hearts joining a cushion of velvet, which is intended as a receptacle for bonnet pins. Writing tablets, portfolios for stationery, giove boxes, photograph cases are all welcome sifts to any girl sweetheart, as they may be kept in daily use as reminders of the absent fisncee. Sachets for handkerchiefs, veils, laces and gloves are extensively used. They are made from gauze, bolting cloth, silk, satin or leather and embroidered with appropriate designs. They range in price as high as twenty dollars, and many of them are hand-painted.

M. Marcey, the well-known investigator has received. Some Valentine Gifts. Books and pictures are favorite solec-

M. Marcey, the well-known investigator of animal movements by means of instantaneous photography and the soctrope, has now succeeded in rendering the beating of a living heart visible to the eye. All the phases of the movement can be followed and properly examined by this new method. The heart employed in his experiments was that of a turtle.